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THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1893.

For Sunday Afternoon.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED STORIES TO MAKE THE DAY OF REST PASS MORE PLEASANTLY.

Written for the Standard.

THE gold discoveries in California and the resultant peopling of the whole Pacific territory following so closely upon them, by means of which the productive and commercial life of the country became enthroned upon the two seaboards, with a vast uninhabited interior between, brought to the early attention of congress the necessity of some direct and rapid means of communication to take the place of the long, round about and perilous ocean passage.

The scheme of a Pacific railroad was first suggested by Josiah Perham and J. Gregory Smith of Massachusetts, who ardently advocated the proposition for a long period, appearing year after year before congressional committees in its defense, before the merits of the scheme they offered found serious lodgement in the minds of the nation's representatives. At length Perham secured the desired legislation, authorizing the construction of the line and the princely dowers and land grants conferred as a basis of aid and credit to enable its projectors to undertake the work.

The region of the 47th paralell westward from the great lakes was fixed upon as the route to be followed, and an expedition under command of ex-Governor Stevens of Oregon, was sent out to explore the proposed line of road, which remained two years in the field, and made a thorough reconnoisance of the region at the source of the Missouri and the Columbia, and reported favorably upon the feasibility of the plan.

About this time, however, a powerful opposing combination of New York and California financiers arose, who proposed a transcontinental route further to the south, and secured still more valuable subsidies and such overmastering privileges and advantages from the government as enabled them to temporarily check the building of the northern line, and to go on with their own.

Two connecting lines were thus built, the Union and Central Pacific roads.

The Northern Pacific soon after changed hands, passing from the control of one coterie of capitalists to that of another, until under the leash of that Napoleon of the financial world, Jay Cooke, it was pushed to the Missouri river.

His spectacular failure following, it was several years before the work was again taken up, but in 1880 the extension of the line was began west from Bismarck and the following year a section of road was built eastward from Wallula.

The road reached the eastern Montana line in 1881, and the last spike was driven uniting the two sections near Garrison in August, 1883.

The completion of the road revolutionized conditions in Montana. The evolution of transportation methods had been from the burro pack trains of the mountain trails of the early sixties, up through the mule and ox outfits of the active mining days, to the laboring river steamers, all of which were suddenly and forever relegated to the traditions of the past, with the glad echoes of the locomotive whistles which announced the iron union on the Blackfoot.

The long picturesque lines of canvass sheeted wagons with their dusty columns of straining oxen or way worn mules, filing through mountain canyons or across tedious stretches of changeless plains, were seen no more, and with them went some of the most marked and striking individualities of American life. The wayside roadhouses, with their log walls and dirt roofs and cavernous fire places, around which were wont to gather the quaint and rugged groups of border times, lapsed into historic ruins and the creaking and toruresome stage wagons, fitly called "jerky" coaches, no longer swept noisily into the towns with their burden of travel stained and sore boned occupants.

At Miles City, when the first locomotive came into view around the bluffs near Buffalo rapids, a party of 25 citizens went to view the wonder, among whom were 10 who had never in their lives seen a train of cars, and many who had not heard the whistle of a locomotive engine for a quarter of a century. The Yellowstone *Journal* said at the time that a corps of mounted cowboys went along to "rope the crowd in case of stampede."

Some of that notable party were men whose lives would make far more startling material for romance than has ever yet been woven into story.

They were gray bearded and bronzed heroes, whose lives had been spent amid the perils of the Indian frontier, the rude leaders in the van of the Saxon conquest. To them and their kind the world owes the possibilities of the west, they blazed the trails upon which now ride in safety and ease in luxurious wheeled coaches, the new men of destiny into whose hands the empire of the land has passed, but they left few monuments behind to commemorate the lives which were consecrated to civilization, and were lain down in the front of its progress.

A HUSBAND FOR SALE.

INTO the Eastern district office of the *Brooklyner Freie Presse* there walked yesterday a small boy so muffled up that his face was scarcely distinguishable. He approached, somewhat mysteriously the clerk at the desk, and, producing a manuscript advertisement, written in German, asked what its insertion in the Sunday edition of the paper would cost. This is how the advertisement would read in English:

FOR SALE—A WOMAN WANTS TO SELL her husband. Inquire at 44 Scholes street. Price, $5,000.

"Who sent you with this ad?" asked the clerk.

"A lady," replied the boy.

"Well, who is the lady?"

"She told me not to tell."

"I can't take such an ad as that," the clerk went on, "unless I know who is willing to be responsible for it."

The boy went out and did not return. When a reporter called at No. 44 Scholes street a little later he found there Mrs. Lizzie Phillips, a young married woman of attractive appearance, and to her he told the story of the rejected advertisement, and asked her if she could explain it in any way. Mrs. Phillips's eyes sparkled angrily.

"Explain it? Yes," she replied, "although I never suspected until now that such a trick had been attempted. The intention was to have it supposed that that advertisement came from me. Of course I never wrote it, but I know very well who did write it."

And after Mrs. Phillips's first burst of indignation had somewhat subsided she told the reporter just why, in her opinion, the advertisement had been written. Her husband, she said, was living apart from her, and she had pending against him an action for limited divorce. Last Thursday the case came up for a hearing in the city court. Among the witnesses subpoenaed to testify for Mrs. Phillips was Mrs. Louisa Goetting of No. 105 Scholes street. Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Goetting had from girlhood been intimate friends, and the latter was expected to give important testimony for the plaintiff in the trial of the action for separation. Imagine, then, the dismay of Mrs. Phillips when, as she says, Mrs. Goetting took the witness chair and calmly proceeded to make out as excellent a case as possible for Charles Phillips, the defendant. It was a surprise all around, but when Mrs. Phillips remembered that the defendant was now living at No. 106 Scholes street, almost opposite the home of Mrs. Goetting, her surprise grew into indignation, for she began to think that her husband and Mrs. Goetting had entered into a conspiracy against her. She may have been mistaken in this, but it was then and still remains her suddenly formed but firmly held conviction.

Decision in the case was reserved and a few minutes later the two women were not many feet apart in the upper corridor of the court house. Mrs. Phillips went directly to her old-time friend and demanded an explanation of what she termed her treachery. Mrs. Goetting's explanation was apparently far from satisfactory, for Mrs. Phillips, with an angry gleam in her eyes, said:

"Well, so long as you've done that for my husband, you'd better take him. Give me $5,000 and I'll relinquish all claim to him."

Mrs. Goetting smiled scornfully and moved on, and the two women have not since met. "Now," said Mrs. Phillips, as she concluded her story, "I was not, of course, serious in saying that I wanted to sell my husband for $5,000 to Mrs. Goetting or any other woman. In the first place, I don't know who would be willing to pay any such sum for him. I felt like saying something bitter and was too much excited to weigh my words, but Mrs. Goetting was the only person who heard me say such a thing, and you may be sure it was she who wrote that advertisement."

At No. 145 Scholes street Mrs. Louisa Goetting was found. She is a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman who looked decidedly pretty when she laughed softly and a little mischievously at the reporter's query. To her there seemed nothing serious in the case. It was a joke from beginning to end.

"Why should Mrs. Phillips be angry with me?" she asked. "I went to court to tell the truth, not to make her husband out such a bad fellow as she tried to paint him. I just answered what questions were put to me and that is all there is to it. If that offends Mrs. Phillips, I can't help it."

"But you wrote that advertisement, didn't you?"

"Well"—with a little hesitation and another sly laugh—"yes, I guess I did."

"And why did you do it?"

"Why? Oh, well, there wasn't any harm in it, was there? You see, Mrs. Phillips told me that she wanted to sell her husband for $5,000. I'm sure I didn't want to buy him, and thinking that perhaps the poor woman really needed the money, I thought I might as well be generous and put the man in the market for her at my own expense. It's funny that they wouldn't print a little thing like that, isn't it? Especially as I offered to pay for it."

And she laughed slowly and softly and mischievously again as the reporter withdrew.

THE DEATH OF HANK BALCH

Written for the Standard.

"HANK BALCH is dead!"

The busy little Western city was thrown into a small ferment of excitement by the announcement. Was it possible that poor little Hank, in whom every man, woman and child had taken an interest, and who was regarded as one of the particular features of the city, could it be that he was dead? Yes. There he lay in an alley, behind a livery stable, stiff as a poker. His little black body was cold and his head bore the mark of the cruel blow that had ended his busy, innocent life. His brown eyes were half closed, his head had been thrown back in the agony of his last struggle to reach his home before death should overtake him. But it was not to be, and so, within sight of the sunny corner that had become so dear to him, almost within call of his dearest friends, the little fellow had lain down and breathed his last.

Poor little Hank! Nobody ever thought that it would come to this. It was known that some superstitious people had threatened his life. They said that Hank was a hoodoo, whatever that is. And Hank didn't deny it. He was too busy. It required all of his time to look after his many self-appointed duties. And so he had gone on, attending to his own business and not paying any attention to the threats of the busybodies who said that he would hoodoo the town.

For the town was booming. It was certain to become a great city. A big rolling mill was already in operation and glass works were soon to be started. "Other enterprises would soon be inaugurated," said the boom circular which the citizens' committee had sent out, "and, with its wonderful and inexhaustible resources, L—— would certainly become the great manufacturing center of the Rocky mountain region."

It was at this critical time that Hank had arrived. Hank was a dog. Nobody knew just what kind of a dog he was, but somebody said he was "partly turnspit and partly plain dog." His name was not Hank when he came to town. In fact, he had no name at all that anybody knew of, and no one knew where he came from. But he came, and, as the circular said of the town, he was "there to stay."

He refused to be adopted by anybody, and established his headquarters on the corner in front of the Bank. Here he could be found whenever he was not at work. And so he was christened Hank Balch in honor of the Bank's president.

Casual observation failed to reveal any striking peculiarities about the dog. He was black, with tan markings. He was decidedly knock kneed and very unsociable. He got so that, after a while, he would not recognize anybody except his godfather, the elder Hank. But, nevertheless, he was a prime favorite with everybody who appreciated his sterling qualities, but there were some people who refused to see any good in him, and such referred contemptuously to him as "the funeral dog."

For Hank's one weakness was funerals. He seemed to recognize, by some strange instinct, the presence of death, and he was always on hand ahead of the undertaker. He created no distubance whatever. He would merely walk to the house and lie down on the sidewalk in front, and wait there until the funeral took place. Then he was in his element. He would look sympathizingly, with his big brown eyes full of tears, at the mourners as they came out to take their seats in the carriages. Then, when all was ready, he would fall into line, behind the hearse, and walk with a most dignified air to the cemetery, looking neither to the right nor to the left. After the interment had taken place Hank would return to the Bank, where he could be found until somebody else died.

He never missed a funeral in the two years that he officiated as public mourner in L——. He never went to a house until death was already there. But when he had once taken his station in front of a house no amount of abuse could drive him away until the time came for him to follow the hearse. And then he went gladly, although with the most solemn demeanor.

But somebody had said that he was a hoodoo and the idea had gained ground, until some one of his enemies had cruelly ended his life. And so it came about that the announcement that Hank Balch was dead stirred up the little fellow's friends so exceedingly. They gave the dog's remains a decent burial and mourned him sincerely. But they never discovered the murderer. If they had, it would have gone hard with him, for Hank's friends were devoted to him. Not until the blast of Gabriel's horn on Judgment day lays bare all secrets will the truth of the crime be known. But when the heartless murderer stands before the Great White Throne he will have hard work to explain satisfactorily why he killed Hank Balch.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Written for the Standard.

IT was night in Helena.

It was night in the temporary capital, gay and glittering with the presence of the third legislative assembly. Far up in the square, stone tower of the great, squat court house the deep-throated bell slowly tolled the hour of 10, each stroke an iron sob. There were still people, sometimes as many as six or eight, on Main street, that great artery of Last Chance gulch, throbbing with empty street cars and mortgaged blocks and empty stores and sad, weary, broken-hearted bums. The sharp shouts of laughing children and the tender snickers of far-gone lovers straggling homeward from the monthly church sociable, echoed and commingled with the dull, rapid rumbling of the ancient hacks, those grand, old ruins, as they swirled on to the weekly prize fight. The nervous and irregular slamming of the doors of the palaces of gin, fell sharp athwart the darkness of the night, drowning the fierce hissing of the trolley, which yanked with fevered haste the long, blinking, deserted cars, grumbling and grunting in protest as they rolled along, and now and again, as if in the ecstacy of rebellion, passionately kissing great white sparks from the wire above and the rails below.

It was night in Helena.

The heavens had a sinister aspect. A fitful, chilling breeze sighed and soughed, and sometimes, tenderly embracing it, softly fooled with the mighty and majestic column of smoke that ascended from the great lank chimney of the Helena hotel. In the sky, dashes of buoyant cloud were sailing in a course at right angles to that of another stratum, neither of them in the direction of the breeze below. The moon, as seen through these films, had a lurid, metallic look. The streets were sallow with an impure light, and all was tinged in monochrome, as if beheld through stained glass or the rising fumes of a long vista of brilliant and powerful cocktails. And then the moon was obscured, and the night had a haggard look like a sick thing, and the breezes paused and died, and there came finally a strange, oppressive hush, which might have been likened to a death. The sweet, young committee clerk, feeling a subtle influence stealing over her like a lover's arm, accelerated her gait down Sixth avenue, her firm, lithe limbs witching more witchingly with every witch, the female lobbyist waiting in the drug store doorway for the representative from Sevenup looked up and shuddered, and the distinguished senator from Gewhiz strode on and closed Cronin's door behind him with a savage bang.

It was night in Helena.

It was, in fact, the night of the masquerade ball at the Auditorium. You have read of that other famous ball in history, the one at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, that splendid and riotous assemblage that preceded that monstrous and horrible carnage. No matter. The ball of the Duchess of Richmond lives in history only by reason of its association with something infinitely greater and grander. The masquerade ball at the Helena auditorium will stand in history on its own bottom, towering alone, erect, unpropped forever. It has its associations, too, but ——.

It should be distinctly borne in mind that it was night in Helena.

And the dance was on: And all Helena was there, from the first families far down to the twenty-first, and youth and beauty and virtue flung themselves into the maddening revels, and *Auf Wiedersehn*, that terrible waltz whose strains always seem panting and praying in an agony of unutterable love and despair—the strains of *Auf Wiedersehn* fell all trembling and weeping on the bosom of the palpitating air, and lights and colors swam and flashed in delirious fury, and brains reeled, and heart beat to heart, and eye drank in eye, and soul spoke to soul, and you may bring another small bottle, waiter, and a little ice, please. There is some music that suggests rising in the in the air. *Auf Wiedersehn* suggests fathomless sinking in the sea. And few were they that were there and listened who recked whether they sank or not. Oh the glory and the bitterness of that night! The glory of those eyes, and the bitterness of that black coffee that the gay guests drank in the long, low room across the street, sitting on a board upheld by dark, dank beer kegs that seemed to groan and wobble in agony of spirit over the loss of their original functions and the baser purposes they were now being made to subserve.

It was midnight and after in Helena.

The representative from Hotscotch sat down, and crossed his honorable legs, and gazed at the vivid spectacle, his brain in a tumult, and his eyes starting, and his breath coming thick and hard, for there were three maidens, fresh, as it were, from paradise, dancing before him and he knew not which of the three had paralyzed him most. There was one who as she danced seemed to live in the air, while her soft curls blew off her brow, and her white teeth glanced, and her cheeks flamed with a carmine glow, and the little knot of roses broke across her chest with the beating of her heart that throbbed like a bird's heart when it is wild with the first breath of spring. And there was one of antelope elegance and grace, sparkling in every motion with sinuous vivacity, and with eyes, O God! eyes radiant as a summer morning, soft as dark waters, lustrous as melting diamonds, eyes that burned through the tissues of his soul and lay there weltering upon its ashes forever. And there was one—

It was night in Helena.

You bet your sweet life it was. And the representative closed his blurred eyes and sat there dreaming of heaven and of hell; but suddenly he started up, for something from somewhere had fluttered into his lap. He slowly unfolded it and read in a dainty scribble:

I may, till I die, be left grieving and friendless;
But I still shall go dreaming, aloof and alone,
That at last in the life or the sleep that is endless
I shall rest on your bosom, forever your own.

And a great horrible joy fell upon the representative from Hotscotch, and then a great horrible fear crept over him, for he knew not which one of the three he had mashed. He arose and went out of the noisy, reeking ballroom into the chill gloom of the February night, and walked around the block, and meditated long and hard and fierce upon his brilliant, cruel luck. And thus he paced the silent streets for half an hour or more, pausing not save for an occassional rich, red cocktail, gulping it at a draught. And then he returned, as uncertain as he went, and at the door his heart sank fathoms deep, for of the three two passed him, all grace and radiance and perfume, borne on their homeward way by other fellows. But the third was still there; and surely it was she who had been dreaming aloof and alone of the time when she proposed to rest on his bosom forever his own. Surely it must be this one, for she moved in Helena's most cultivated circles, and had been educated regardless of time and expense, and probably had studied theosophy and belonged to a Browning club, and doubtless could write poetry as easily and far more gracefully than she could roll off a great round log. And he waited till she had danced her beautiful self weary, and he asked if she was ready to go home, and she said she guessed she was. And he helped her on with her wraps, and long, sharp shafts of happiness pierced his heart as he planted a great, wild, blistering kiss under her good, right ear. But she turned, erect and cold as a statue, and in her firm, cultivated Helena accents that chilled him to the bone, said, "You're too all-fired fresh." And the representative from Hotscotch knew he had struck the wrong girl, and he went out, and strode to his hotel, and kicked himself long and bitterly.

It was morning in Helena.

STEAMBOAT FRANK.

"WHAT place was that? asked a tall, aristocratic planter, as the steamer pulled away from the landing into the dusky river.

"Kerry's Landing," said the man beneath the black slouch hat, who had just stepped aboard. "Good place to leave; nothing but swamps."

"How far to Davis' plantation?"

"'Bout three hours. Another damn swamp. Stop there?"

"Yes; got a plantation back from the river a piece. Swamp is right through. Three hours, eh?"

"Yes; didn't suppose there was land enough along there to plant one."

"Oh, it's all right when you get it. Going to be dark, ain't it?"

"Should say so. Got a good pilot, though."

"First rate. Do you play?"

"Sometimes, if the game's good. Who's in it?"

"Nobody much. Drummers and such like. Oh, Wheeler of Richmond. Know him?"

"No: who is he?"

"Not much; cotton-edger. Safe game."

"All right: I'm in. That spray's little wet, ain't it?"

"Rather; let's go inside."

"What's the limit?"

"Two hundred. Have a cigar?"

"Yes, thanks. Here we are."

"Any room here, gents? Whew! it's cloudy."

"Yes, lot's of room. Hello, Colonel, come in," says a voice from the smoke. "Bring out the drink, nigger. I say, colonel, what you're going to have?"

"Little whiskey—rye."

"Rye whiskey there, nigger! Hold on, there; I want another card. All right. Don't your friend take anything?"

"Don't know; you had better ask him."

"I'll take the same, stranger," from beneath the hat.

"All right. How do they run, colonel?"

"Fair to middlin'. Haven' been up for some time. What's the news?"

"Nothing much. Queer about Nichols, wasn't it?"

"Yes; how did that happen?"

"Well, there are several stories going around. Some say they put up a job to do Steamboat Frank and he got the best of them. Comin' in, colonel?"

"Yes."

"You, stranger?"

"Yes."

"All right. Never did think much of that feller Nichols, anyway."

"Same here; bad eyes."

"You're right. How many do you want? Three. Frank killed two didn't he? Who was the other feller?"

"Don't know. Someone from Texas, I think."

"I raise you fifty," here broke in a Spanish accent from the lower end of the table.

"Hello, Sig! Right in it, eh? I'll have to raise you. How did that killing come off, anyhow? Know anything about it, Wheeler?"

"Oh, easy enough, from what I hear. They got to playing a pretty stiff game and Frank took all the money. They were hard losers and tough men generally. They accused him of cheating and started the row, and he simply wiped them out."

"And they were not the first ones that he has wiped out, either."

"No, you are right. If all the reports are correct he has a pretty long list back there, but they do say that know him that he is as square as a die, and wouldn't kill a chicken without he had to, but when someone comes along and takes him for a mudflat or sandbar, the way things jingle around that locality is a caution to Christmas bells in a great city."

And then he branched out into several amusing anecdotes regarding him; of his heavy games and ugly scrapes; of his cool nerve and ready wit; how upon one occasion a Texas ranchman had, by his loud and braggadocio manner, contrived to offend the more quiet tastes of Steamboat Frank; had been backed over the taffrail of the boat with a cocked revolver uncomfortably near his nose, and, after being towed for a mile or two, was at last hauled aboard again and contained less starch and more gentleness of manner.

"But there is one fellow who has got in on Frank, who don't allow any time for fooling. He is a big New Orleans gambler called Blazer."

"Blazer? You don't tell me," said the colonel. "I know him; hard lot, they say."

"Yes, you're right; and they say he is the man who has driven Frank from the river."

"What, Blazer? How is that?" asked the colonel.

"Well, you see, it is a long story. There was, as is usual, a woman in it. She sort of liked Frank best, I suppose. Can't blame her much, after seeing Blazer, eh? Face like a Chinese funeral, only more so. Frank must be a corker if he looks worse than she does. Well, anyhow, Frank got the girl and Blazer has been trying to down him ever since. Frank has asked him to come out and settle it two or three times, but Blazer's peculiar gift doesn't seem to lie in that direction. He lies some other way better. You see, he has a strong pull down at the Crescent, and Frank's case don't have time to settle down as any other man would. The fellows Frank settled were great friends of Blazer's, and I heard a rumor that the whole thing was a job cooked up to do Frank; but don't know as there is anything in it. If there was a job it failed in its object, anyhow. Your deal, stranger. Bad for Frank, though, just the same."

Thus pleasantly amused, the time flew by unnoticed until presently the whole party were aroused to the consciousness that the quiet man at the far corner of the table, whose face was concealed beneath the brim of his hat, was winning all the money in the crowd.

"You are playing great luck," remarked the colonel.

"Yes, easy money. First I've seen lately."

The party became slightly nettled and the colonel proposed extending the limit. They all agreed, and the stranger still kept on at his old gait.

"I'm done," said one of them presently, as he threw down his hand.

The stranger was still playing in the same easy, half-careless manner, his bets being made without any apparent thought while the others were more deliberate and played with the greatest caution.

"I think we had better let out a few more laps in this limit," said the colonel, as he warmed to the music.

"Suppose we cut loose altogether," suggested the Spaniard in a tone of feigned calmness, although his eyes blazed with excitement. Some of them assented; the rest dropped out and watched the battle.

"Who's in this time?" asked the stranger, as he began to deal. "All right, here you go. What's up, gents?"

"Five hundred," said the colonel, as he threw a note in the center of the table.

"I'll have to raise you five hundred, Colonel," said the stranger, as it came to him.

"One thousand above you," said the colonel.

"Fifteen hundred!" shouted the Spaniard, as he threw down the stuff. The rest here dropped out.

"Two thousand better, my friend," said the stranger.

They raised him again and things were getting interesting when the stranger quietly mentioned ten thousand, and taking up a rubber purse that had been lying upon the table, counted out the stuff.

"I'm done," said the colonel, throwing down his hand.

"I, too," echoed the Spaniard, in a dejected manner.

"Ah, well, so it goes," said the stranger, as he reached for the pot, throwing down his hand, containing only a pair of jacks.

"Well, I be d—d," said the Spaniard.

"Me, too," said the colonel.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door, and a rough voice shouted, "Open up!" Every one started in surprise, except the stranger, who was busy stuffing the money into his rubber wallet.

These officers are always troublesome. 'Bout face, there, you fellows; keep your hands up if you don't want to know how it feels to get hurt. Forward, march! Look out for the stairs; that's good. Right dress! (as the man stood by the rail upon the boiler deck). Now, then—one, two, jump!"

A heavy splash immediately followed his words. The boat was just rounding the bend, and not more than 20 yards from the shore.

"Bon voyage," said he, sticking the revolvers in his pockets.

"Captain, land me at the nearest woodyard on the other side."

"All right," said he, making a signal to the pilot. Immediately the faint, far away jingle of bells was heard, and the boat turned her nose toward the opposite bank.

"Good night, gents," he called to the crowd hanging along the rails as the gangplank was slammed into place. "I always did prefer this mode of landing."

"Who was it?" asked the Spanish accent, as the boat swung out into her course again.

"Steamboat Frank," said the captain.

"I thought so," muttered the colonel. Dam'd if I didn't."—*Philadelphia Press.*

LITERATURE.

Ide's new map of Montana. Published by the Ide Publishing company, Helena. Ready in April.

Of prime importance and value to Montana is the new state map which is announced by the Ide Publishing company of Helena. This map is of a size uniform with the previous editions, and will contain all of the new counties and towns. Some important changes have been made in accordance with recent surveys. The Ide maps need no recommendation as their reputation for accuracy and artistic workmanship is already well established. The forthcoming map, it is promised, will be even better than the previous ones. The new map will be ready in April.

The Duluth *Evening Herald* has just issued its souvenir edition, commemorative of its new press and type. The *Herald* is a familiar and welcome paper in Minnesota, and has not a few friends in the mountain states. This new evidence of its prosperity is pleasing to all. The new press is a web perfecting machine and it gives the paper an artistic appearance. The management deserves the congratulations of all its readers.

The Year's Almanacs.

The Argus Almanac for 1893, published by the Argus company of Albany, is a worthy successor of previous editions. It contains statistics and tables of political and local interest, including the composition of all the departments of the United States government; the officers and legislatures of the several states and territories; the full vote of each state by counties; a statement of national finances and other excellent features, making it an exceedingly valuable political handbook.

The Baltimore Sun Almanac this year makes a specialty of world's fair information. It is conveniently arranged and is a valuable reference book. This almanac also contains political statistics of the nation at large and of Maryland in particular. Its chronological tables are especially complete.

The Brooklyn Eagle Almanac is, in point of workmanship, the finest of the many year books that have appeared since January 1. As a guide to Brooklyn and Long Island it is excellent, and its sporting and political tables are complete and accurate.

The familiar covers of the Tribune almanac enclose 350 pages of valuable reference matter. The tables are systematically and conveniently arranged and contain almost everything of importance. This almanac is a complete reference library in itself and is a necessity in every school and office. The tables relate to foreign trade, banking, coinage, circulation, pensions, appropriations, army and navy, the new congress, reciprocity, laws of the last session, debt, revenues, postage, and similar public interests. The Tribune almanac for 1893 is a work which no intelligent American can afford to be without. It will be sent postpaid to any address upon the receipt of 25 cents.

The Clipper almanac is par excellence the sporting guide of the year. Its illustrations are unusually fine this year and its record of athletic and theatrical events is complete and accurate. Every man and boy who is interested in athletics needs one of these almanacs. The book is indispensable to sportsmen.

The World almanac is up to the standard of previous editions, if, indeed it is not better. There is no topic of general importance that is not thoroughly covered by this valuable publication. It is not confined to local subjects but treats impartially of matters of national interest.

The name of the publishing house of F., M. Lupton was first made familiar by the excellent cheap edition of the Waverly and of Dickens' novels. The latest venture of this house is the "Arm Chair Library," which gives its subscribers a complete novel every week for 10 cents. The mechanical work of this cheap edition is good and the books compare favorably with the other and older "libraries" of fiction.

The *Rockies*, the cleverly edited monthly magazine published at Dillon, is improveing each month. The current number contains a well illustrated article on the scenery of Wisconsin creek in the Ruby valley. The illustrations are from sketches by the author, Mrs. L. E. Fitch, and are artistic and well executed.

The Magazines.

The *Cosmopolitan* for March is an interesting number. Its star article is the one on Berlin from the pen of Frederick Spielbogen, the novelist, who departs from his usual custom in writing for an American magazine. J. Carter Beard writes of the Depths of the Sea, and furnishes admirable illustrations himself. "In Our Cotton Belt," by H. S. Fleming, is an interesting description of a comparatively unknown section of the country. There is also a descriptive article on The British Navy. The department of fiction is well filled with good stories by Edward Everett Hale Ida M. Van Etten, Julien Gordon and others. The magazine is an excellent one this month.

Lippincott's magazine for March needs no other recommendation than the statement that it contains a complete novel by Capt. Charles King. As usual, he writes of army life, but this time he has chosen a new phase of his favorite subject, and writes of the period immediately following the civil war. His hero is a scapegrace lieutenant, who gets into no end of trouble. There is an abundance of good short stories of genuine merit, and the magazine is a solace for the blues. It is the best of Sunday afternoon reading matter.

Harper's for March is an admirable example of American magazine work. Its illustrations place it in the van of artistic productions, and are not surpassed by any of its rivals. C. S. Reinhart illustrates in his characteristic and inimitable style, the first of a series of articles on Washington society. Julian Ralph writes of Florida, and his descriptions of the beauties of "Our Own Riviera" bring a feeling of discontent because of our snow and ice. Henry M Stanley contributes an article on the African slave trade that is a revelation of the horrors of that traffic. Theodore Child has a description of the eighth wonder of the world, the monastery of the St. Lawrence. There are short stories and the Editor's Study for lighter reading. The whole collection is one of unusual attractiveness.